

The World.

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THE BRIDGE CRUSH.



O stop the bridge crush the only way is to run more trains and more cars. At no time has the capacity of the bridge tracks been overcrowded. That is, the structural strength of the bridge and the capacity of the tracks have at all times permitted the running of more cars than have been run.

Notwithstanding the opening of the Borough Hall tunnel and the diversion of tens of thousands of people from the bridge, the bridge crush continues. These two facts are proof of lack of intelligent management.

No matter how much platform space is provided there will continue to be a bridge crush until there are more passengers carried per hour.

There is nothing mysterious about the solution of this problem. It has remained unsolved more through pigheadedness than for any other reason.

A large freight yard terminal like those of the trunk lines at Jersey City has a more difficult problem in handling traffic than the Brooklyn Bridge because a freight car will not load and unload itself. Yet this freight traffic is readily handled by a fan-shaped arrangement of the tracks so that every freight train as it comes in runs into a switch and pocket, leaving the track clear for the next train to run into another switch and pocket, and so on.

The Pennsylvania ferry slips in Jersey City illustrate the same principle of the easy and rapid handling of traffic. These ferriboats come from Brooklyn and the Cortlandt, Desbrosses and West Twenty-third street ferries. While one boat is in the slip loading and unloading another boat is on the way, a third boat is in the New York slip and a fourth boat comes into the next slip while the first boat loaded is going out. There is no crowding or crushing or blocking.

This is what the Poulsen plan proposes to adapt to the Brooklyn Bridge. By having a series of slips or pockets into which the trains enter in rapid succession the capacity of the bridge will then be limited only by the weight of moving cars or bridge structural support.

The crowd, instead of blocking the platforms and delaying the trains by their struggles, would enter the cars until one train was filled and then be switched to the next train. A system of gates at the platform heads would allow the regulation of traffic in the same way that gates at ferry houses regulate without overcrowding the traffic there.

What is the reason for the aversion of the bridge engineers to the Poulsen plan? Is it professional jealousy or what? Mr. Poulsen worked out this plan years ago, when he was a bridge contractor. But so far as that is concerned it is nothing new, since steam railroad and ferry companies have had substantially the same idea for many years.

Let the Poulsen plan be tried fairly before there is any more money squandered on trying to do impossibilities. The time lost is in the loading and the unloading of the trains. The crush comes on the platform in the way the passengers are handled.

Also there should be larger cars, longer trains and side doors.

The bridge crush is to be solved not so much by spending more money as by applying more brains.

A New World to Conquer.

By Maurice Ketten.



No Matter How Wives, Like Mrs. Jarr, Try to Please Their Husbands By Buying Them Job-Lot Automobile Caps, Etc., They Never Succeed

By Roy L. McCardell.



"TRY this on and see if it will fit you," said Mrs. Jarr, returning from the door with a small paste-board box.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Never you mind what it is, you try it on!" said Mrs. Jarr. "It's something I bought for you. I go downtown to get something for myself, but I see something nice for you or the children, and instead of buying what I need I spend the money on you and them."

As she said the words she broke the string around the box and brought to view a leather automobile cap.

"What do I want an automobile cap for?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Well, you are always talking about moving to the country, although, goodness knows, you'll never get me to go there, and if you do move to the country you'll be wanting to keep a cow or an automobile."

"Who ever said I wanted to keep a cow or an automobile?" asked Mr. Jarr in astonishment.

"Aren't you always talking about keeping chickens?" replied Mrs. Jarr. "Just at breakfast you were kicking because your soft-boiled eggs tasted musty, and I told you I couldn't help it, that I paid the highest prices for eggs, and you said you wished we lived somewhere where you could keep chickens!"

"Yes, but a chicken and an automobile is a different thing entirely," said Mr. Jarr.

"These caps were reduced from three dollars and a half to seventy-five cents," explained Mrs. Jarr, "and it shows that I was thinking of you. I see lots of men wearing automobile caps, and they have no more automobiles than we have, and if you were one people would think we intended to get an automobile, or we could pretend we had one, but that it was being repaired. The Strivers have an automobile, and it is always being repaired."

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Jarr, "give me the cap and also get me a pair of ear muffs, and I'll wear them, too, and pretend I own a flying machine."

"I don't like the way you talk!" said Mrs. Jarr, peevishly. "I'm sure I bought the cap with the best intentions, and if you don't want it you needn't keep it, and I can get something else with the money."

"You can't get much for seventy-five cents," said Mr. Jarr. "But, at that, it's just throwing away seventy-five cents to buy something we don't need!"

"I don't talk that way as you when you buy things we don't need," said Mrs. Jarr. "You buy cigars we don't need often enough, I am sure, and any way, it's only one O. D. and if you don't want it I can send it back, but I think you should keep it, for we can't tell what may happen; somebody may die and leave us some money and then we could buy an automobile, and in that case you'd have the cap, and there is a sale of automobile gloves at the same place for a dollar and a half. They are lined with fur and have a strap around the gauntlets."

"It's too big for me," said Mr. Jarr, trying the cap on as he spoke. "You know I wear a seven hat, a seven shoe and a seven glove."

"I know that, but the man said these caps ran sometimes a little smaller and sometimes a little larger, and seven and a half was the only size they had; that was the reason they were going so cheap, as it was just an odd lot."

Here the man at the door who had brought the package commenced to mutter and stamp impatiently.

"Oh, if you don't want it, if you are only going to sneer at me because, I think of others when I should think of myself, give it to me and I'll take it to the man!" said Mrs. Jarr. "You forget the poor fellow has other places to go."

"Not with mistle job lots that people don't want, I hope!" growled Mr. Jarr.

Here Mrs. Jarr gathered up the package, made a few feeble efforts to put the lid on the box and tie the string, but without doing so handed it over to the man and told him it didn't suit, and the delivery man departed swearing softly.

"Never ask me to get you anything again!" said Mrs. Jarr as she slammed the door.

"I don't ask you to get me an automobile cap, did I?" asked Mr. Jarr.

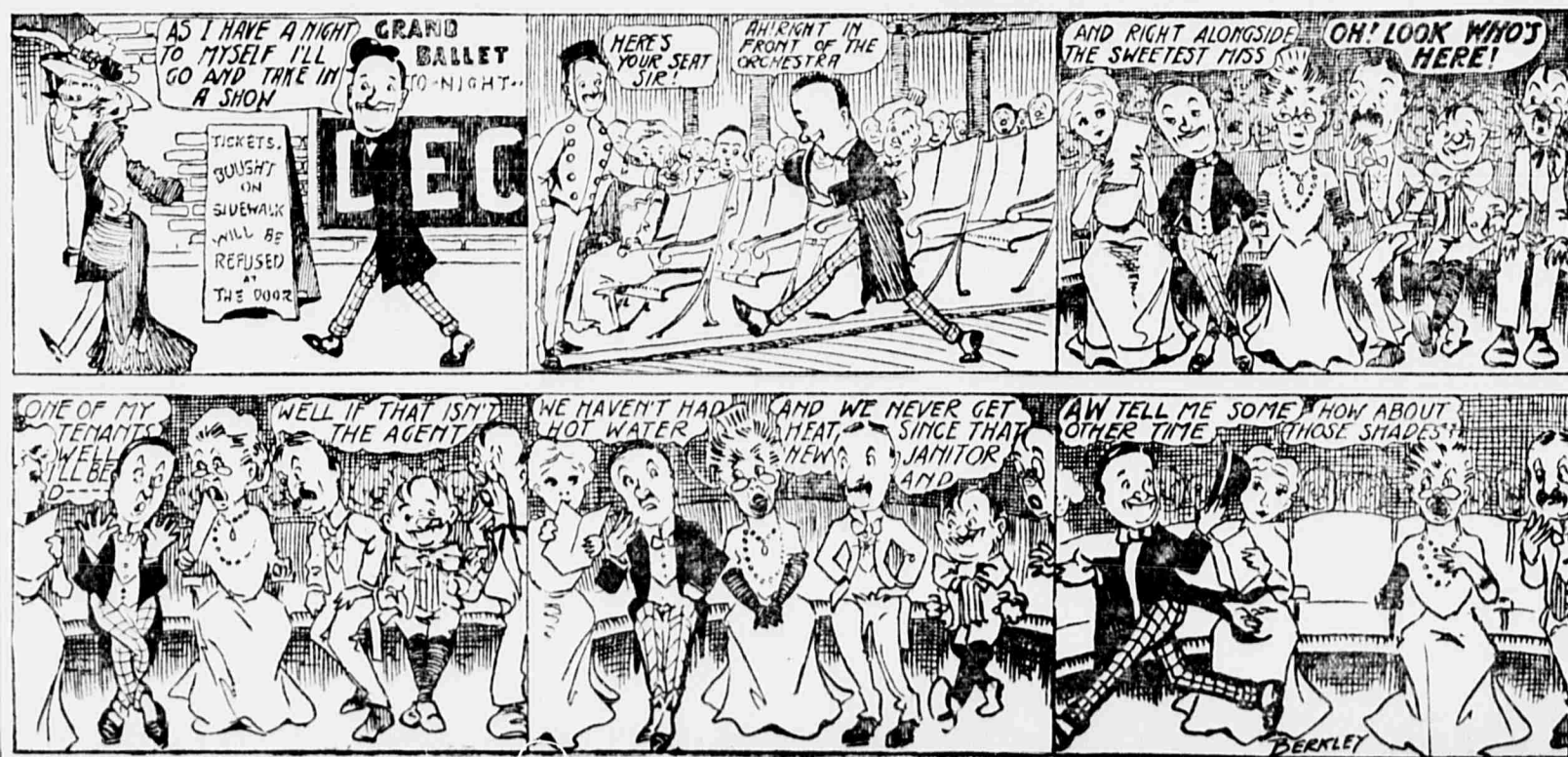
"Any other man would have been glad to get such a nice cap," said Mrs. Jarr tearfully. "You are only quarrelling with me because you are afraid I'll ask you for some money this morning!"

"How much money do you want?" asked Mr. Jarr, digging down, and glad to get out of the trouble by paying blackmail.

"I won't take a cent from you; put it all on the bureau!" said Mrs. Jarr. And Mr. Jarr did so, and apologized for hurting her feelings.

Flathouse Agent Triggs Can't Lose His Tenants

By F. M. Berkley.



The Story of the Operas

By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 35—WAGNER'S "DIE MEISTERSINGER."

WALTER VON STOLZING, a young Franconian knight, came to the quaint old music-loving town of Nuremberg as guest of Albert Pogner, the rich goldsmith. Pogner was President of the ancient guild of Nuremberg Mastersingers. He was also father of a beautiful girl named Eva, with whom Walter promptly fell in love, and who as promptly and completely returned the knight's affection. Once a year the Mastersingers held a public song contest, an appropriate award being bestowed upon the winner. One of these contests was booked to occur soon after Walter's arrival. Pogner offered his daughter's hand as prize. Walter, eager to win Eva, applied for admission to the guild, and declared himself a competitor.

Sixtus Beckmesser, the middle-aged town clerk, also aspired to Eva's hand. When Walter came before the guild to sing a trial song which should determine his fitness for membership Beckmesser was chosen as "marker." Each applicant's song must comply with certain hard and fast musical rules laid down by the guild. For each variation from these stilted rules the singer was to receive a bad mark. Seven such marks would deprive the candidate. Walter, knowing nothing of the rules, but being a true musician at heart, sang a beautiful original lyric. Before he had finished Beckmesser's state was so full of "marks" that it would hold no more. Walter, a fellow in elegant and the daughter of the Mastersingers and the malicious delight of Beckmesser. One of the "Masters" alone did not laugh. He was Hans Sachs, the famous poet-shoemaker. Through all Walter's ignorance of the rules Sachs recognized the soul of a true poet and knew the young knight was worthy highest place in the guild.

That evening as Sachs sat at the door of his workshop finishing a pair of shoes Beckmesser had ordered Eva crept across from her father's house opposite for news of the song trial. When Sachs told her of Walter's defeat her anger at the kindly old man for his seeming lack of appreciation was unbounded. Sachs at once saw how the land lay, but kept the knowledge to himself. Eva, leaving him indignantly, ran almost into the arms of Walter, who was waiting in the shadows for her. The knight bewailed the pain to wed her to the winner of the morrow's contest and begged her to elope with him that night. Eva consented, and the two lovers were about to steal away when a lamp from Sachs's window threw a broad bar of light across their path. They dared not cross this for fear of detection and wrank back under a tree to hide their time until renewal of darkness should hide their flight.

Scarce had they concealed themselves when old Sachs, who had been keeping a kindly eye on them, perceived a new figure halt before Pogner's house. It was Beckmesser, who had come to serenade Eva with his lute. Eva's maid, Magdalena, seeing the town clerk draw near, leaned out of her mistress's window. The near-sighted Beckmesser, mistaking the maid for Eva, was about to begin his serenade, when Sachs started to hammer noisily on the shoes he was making and to accompany the hammering with a jolly song. Beckmesser begged him to desist. Sachs only hammered and sang the louder.

Beckmesser, in despair, retreated to sing his serenade. Sachs comprehended at last by volunteering to act as "marker" and to hammer once on the shoes for every mistake Beckmesser should make in his song. Once more the town clerk began. Sachs kept up a fearful tattoo with his hammer, pounding mightily each time the confused singer made a blunder in rhyme or key. The serenade was ruined. Beckmesser, in fury, was about to depart, when Sachs's apprentice, David, looking from the shop window beheld him. David was in love with Magdalena and thought it was she whom Beckmesser was serenading. Seizing a cudgel and leaping into the street, the apprentice smashed Beckmesser's lute and gave the town clerk himself a terrible drubbing. The racket brought neighbors flocking to the spot. A free fight sprang up, that swelled into a riot, and was only dispersed by the arrival of the city watch. Eva, her hopes of elopement spoiled, had slipped away into her father's house.

Next morning Walter related to Sachs a wonderful dream he had had. He sang it to the shoemaker in verse to an improvised air. The song, stranger enough in every way conformed to the rules laid down by the Mastersingers. Sachs jotted down the words and bade Walter, with enthusiasm, to sing it in the public contest that day. While Sachs and Walter were dressing to go to the scene of the song competition, Beckmesser stole into the shoemaker's room. Seeing Walter's song that Sachs had just copied out, he snatched it up, thinking the cobbler himself was to be a competitor. Sachs, entering and catching Beckmesser with the paper, laughingly said that the town clerk might keep it. Overjoyed at having a song by the great Sachs, Beckmesser hastened off to the place of competition, sure now of winning the prize and Eva.

But when he rose to sing the town clerk had forgotten the words he had had too short time to learn. So he faltered, jumbled his verses ludicrously and sat down defeated. Walter, in his turn, rose and sang his wondrous dream song. When he ended the judges broke into eager applause. He was the victory! Pogner, glad to welcome so brilliant a son-in-law, gladly gave him Eva's hand. The girl placed on his brow the laurel wreath of triumph. When it came to electing him to the Mastersingers' Guild Walter held back. He had little wish to join a society which had on the previous day accorded him such abject treatment. But at Sachs's entreaty the young knight at last consented. The people loudly cheered Sachs, and Eva, taking the song wreath from her lover's head, placed it reverently on the poet-cobbler's grizzled curls.

The Story of "La Gioconda" will be published Thursday.

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A Country Schoolma'am's Day

By D. R. Orner, Ashton, Ill.

WAGNETT-WHACK! goes the broomstick on the ceiling under my bed and a voice calls, "Better get up if you're going to school today!" I spring out into the frosty air, drag on my clothes in shivering haste, and with trailing shoestrings dash to the kitchen. Here I lace my shoes and wash my face in the common basin.

We sit down to a red clothed table bearing a smoky kerosene lamp, a dish of potatoes, and a platter of salt pork. The farmer and his wife sit on one side, the hired man and I, the school teacher, on the other. We eat in silence. Breakfast over, I take my tin dinner pail and start across the frozen fields to school.

There I shake and shiver again until I have started a fire in a demon stove that puffs in my face and smokes like a volcano. The children struggle in. School begins. I work along from little Jimmie's primer lesson to Elvira's history, keeping a wary eye for apitfalls and stopping occasionally to put more coal in.

Noon brings a rest, and from my tin pail comes a lunch of frozen bread, homemade sausage, and a chunk of saleratus cake. School begins again and drags on till 4. I dismiss the children, sweep the floor, bring in wood and coal for morning, and start home.

After a supper that matches the breakfast we gather round the stove in the "settlin' room." The farmer and the hired man play checkers, the farmer's wife crochets endless yards of "pineapple" lace, I try to read by the dim light. Eight o'clock! The hired man yawns and pulls off his felt boots. I climb the stairs to my attic room, plunge into bed, and lie watching the cold stars and listening to the roof creak in the frost. Then come kind forebodings, blotting out the sordidness, monotony and discontent. The little country schoolma'am is fast asleep.—Chicago Tribune.

The Humor of Justice Harlan.

By Aubrey Lanston.

HE is a giant amongst men, and if he has weaknesses, but one to report—his love for the ancient and royal game of golf. Goff has never interfered with his judicial duties, but it has with everything else, even his dinner. Yet he takes his golf with the quiet humor which is part of his philosophy of life. Recently while playing with a clergyman, Doctor Sterrett, the divine, having fooled, was gassing at the ball with baneful eyes and compressed lips, when Justice Harlan said with a chuckle, "Before, if you don't mind me telling you, that's the most profane silence I ever listened to."

One great virtue he certainly possesses; he does not carry the majesty of the Bench into private life. A certain dignity is natural to the man, and he does not try to divest himself of it; but it is dignity sweetly tempered by personal charm and the radiance of a vigorous, active mind. His wit is keen but merciful, and he has a fund of anecdotes, many of them connected with his profession, on which he occasionally draws in place of eloquence.—The Bohemian.

Littleton's Steamboat Joke.

MARTIN W. LITTLETON, leading counsel in The Case, has a ready way with him," said a New York lawyer.

"One night at a dinner I heard him get back at an opponent like this:

"Gentlemen," he said, "if you knew Blank as well as I do you'd understand that when his mouth opens his brain ceases to work. He reminds me of a little steamer that used to run on the Missouri. The steamer had a seven-inch boiler and a twelve-inch whistle. The effect of this was that when the whistle blew the steamer stopped."

A Queer Conveyance.

THE queerest mode of travel I saw in all Mexico was that adopted by a woman who was on her way to the doctor, seated complacently in a chair borne upon the back of a man, says the Travel Magazine. Some Mexican women are afraid even of the mule cars, while they look upon the rapidly spinning trolley with such a feeling of knowledge that they will not put foot upon it.

Letters from the People.

An Answer and a Question.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In answer to the puzzle asking how a farmer could get twenty head of cattle for \$50, I figure that the farmer should bid his cattle as follows: Three cows at \$4 each, \$12; fifteen sheep at 50 cents each, \$7.50; Two hogs at 25 cents each, 50 cents. Total, twenty head of cattle for \$50. Here is another: This same farmer had \$100 more and wished to purchase 100 head of cattle. He wished to pay \$5 for cows, \$3 for sheep and 50 cents for pigs. How many of each did he get?

E. R. H.

E. Bulwer-Lytton.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Who was the author of the following: "The pen is mightier than the sword?"

The line occurs in E. Bulwer-Lytton's drama "Rienzi."

"Pell Mell," Frankenstein.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the correct pronunciation of Pell Mell? Also the title of the book about the man who built a giant figure which came to life? I think the name was similar to Brinkenstein.

A. E. R.

Wants Hints on Bookkeeping.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am about to go into the wholesale millinery business with a partner. I to invest \$500, my partner to furnish the experience; the profits to be divided equally. We want double entry bookkeeping. I have knowledge enough of paper?

C. G. D.

this to keep it up after the accounts are opened, but I am at a loss to know how to open them. Will some experienced readers kindly help us out with advice?

H. N.

For "Desperate."

Desperate, V. E. M.: Your letter to The Evening World has been forwarded to this office. If you will call here any day between 9 and 5 we should be glad to talk over your difficulties with you to see if there is anything we can do to relieve them.

THE CHARITY ORGANIZATION SOCIETY (by E. L. Jardine, Investigating Bureau)

"Back to the Farm."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Your recent editorial "Back to the Farm," hits the keynote to property. The matter should be agitated as often as possible. Socialism, burning the trusts, Government ownership, etc., will not solve the problem or cure hard times, I think. The workingman has the cure: "Back to the Farm."

A. R.

640 Acres—One Square Mile.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

How many acres are there in one square mile?

LEONARD.

Dec. 10, 1907.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On what date did "The Story of the Operas" begin its publication in your paper?

C. G. D.